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"Heaven is Love."

(1 John iv: 10.)

Would that my heart were turned to God,
As his hath turned to me.
Thy love, O Lord, is constant still,
E'en when I turn from thee.

Our God commends his love to us,
In that while we yet sin,
Christ Jesus dies upon the cross—
Our love through God's to win.

Behold the manner of his love,
That he should first love us;
And seek our love by sacrifice—
Great God, dost *thou* love *thus*?

My God, while now I see thy face
With longing turned to me,
O, who am I that I should turn
My face, my heart, from thee?

To-day, dear Lord, I hear thy voice,
And see thy gracious part;
Since thou hast loved, I'll seal the choice
And harden not my heart.

—Christian Standard.

Things In General, Some Things In Particular.

"Think Gently Of The Erring."—The following beautiful lines appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger, a few mornings ago. The writer said he read them when a boy at school, "forty years ago." I think they are beautiful, and contain the gospel spirit. "Brethren, if a man be over taken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thy self, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. 6: 1.

Think gently of the erring; ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came in some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly they struggled, nor how well,
Until the hour of weakness came, and sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring; oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin, he is *thy brother* yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast, in weakness, trod.

Speak gently to the erring; oh, is it not enough
That innocene and peace are gone, without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot that sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate their chidings well may spare.

Deal gently with the erring; thou yet, mayst lead him back
By kindly words and deeds of love from misery's thorny track;
Remember, *thou* hast often sinned, and sinful *yet* mayst be;
Deal gently with the erring, then—*as God has dealt with thee.*

All Right Once More.—At the Johnstown Convention I was seized with a chill and after coming home was compelled to go to bed, but am up, and out, today. Oct. 9th, I went out for the first time and called to see a sick woman. I am weak in the knees yet, and soon get tired, but by the time this is read, will be working along as usual. I had been engaged in heavy work and when I reached Johnstown was exhausted, but all is well that ends well. Many thanks to Cobaughs', Croffords', Giffins', and others who manifested kindness, not forgetting Sisters Knepper and Trent, who in the beginning anticipated my wants. I will have more to say of the convention in another letter. Some of these squibs were written several weeks ago. I add this, and thus resume my correspondence.

Some Of His Relations Still Living.—Charles V. endeavored to put out the light of the Reformation, and make all men think alike. He failed, and retired to a monastery. To help pass away dull hours he turned his attention to machinery, and after long and repeated efforts failed to make two time pieces move in perfect harmony. On his failure, he exclaimed: "What a fool I was to attempt to make all men think alike!" The historian says: "Charles the king has had more followers than Charles the philosopher." The assertion of the historian is undoubtedly true. But unfortuately for the good of the church and the peace of society, many of his children still live. It would be a very fine thing if we had a monastery into which they could go, and for the remainder of their lives turn their attention to machinery. Still it would be hard on the wheels.

"She Hath Done What She Could."—So many people fail to do any thing because they cannot do what they consider a "big work." All cannot be great men and women. The majority must fill humble positions, and success depends on filling those positions in accordance with God's will, with patience, dignity and faith. If there is only one talent, let that talent be cultivated. A little well cultivated is better than much neglected. If God can say as he said of one in olden time: "She hath done what she could," it will be well with the soul.

"I cannot paint, nor write, nor sing, and yet
There seems for me some quiet niche to fill
Somewhere in God's great world; I stand and wait
Where he may find me ready for his will.
Ungifted is my life with talents great,
And yet that joyful happiness within
Tells of a deep contentment that abides,
And of a friendship sweet and strong with him."

"Christ Before Pilate."—Some of my brethren have requested me to select a picture or two to put in their study. I have selected: Christ Before Pilate, and Christ Blessing Little Children, two fine steele engravings, which sell for one dollar each. Christ Before Pilate has a world-wide reputation. It was painted by Munkacsy, a Hungarian artist, and was purchased by John Wanamaker for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. I have made arrangements to handle a certain number of copies and will send it securly packed, postage paid, to any one who will sell us 12 copies of The Story of Jesus. I have sent a copy to Bro. Garber, so he may inspect it, and see that it is as represented. The two pictures will be sent to any one sending us $2 for 20 copies of The Story of Jesus. We want to pay for the plates, hence we make these offers on behalf of the Tract Society.

"I Am Thinking Of Home."—The following beautiful lines, were sung at the grave of a young friend. I thought then they were remarkably sweet, and they come just as fresh and as sweet to day. I would like to have the music. Who knows where I can get it?

"I am thinking of home, of my Father's house,
Where the many bright mansions be!
Of the city whose streets are all covered with gold;
Of its jaspar walls pure and fair to behold,
Which the righteous alone ever see.
I am thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there;
Dearest friends who have gone before.
With whom we went down to the death river's side,
And so sadly thought as we watched by the tide,
Of the thrice happy mornings of yore.
I am thinking of home, of my blessed home,
And my spirit doth long to be
In the far better land where the saints ever sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,
And of mercy so costly and free.
I am thinking of home, yes, of home, sweet home;
May we all in that home unite
With the white robed throng who exultingly raise
To the triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,
Singing glory, and honor and might."

CHORUS.

O home, sweet home, I am thinking and longing for home.
O home, sweet home. I am thinking and longing for home.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

North Manchester, Items.

The people of this community are all astir, this beautiful, fall weather, getting ready for winter. They have been richly blessed again in crops as a whole: No one need complain. God has given sufficient.

The Conference of the Brethren church for Indiana has been here and gone again. It did not fail, however, to leave some thing behind it, when it left. We had not a large attendance from abroad or from home. We did not expect it, hence we were not disappointed. A State Conference, in Indiana, was a new thing in the Brethren church, therefore brethren and the people generaly, hardly knew what was before them. Some were afraid of it, while others thought it was no use, and for these reasons stayed away. But we do not blame them wholly. They only did not *know*. In the future, it will be different, for it was shown at the conference to those who met, that a State Conference is neither dangerous nor unuseful. It is, to our mind, an essential thing to our cause. An essential thing is never an unprofitable or dangerous thing, if rightfully used. That is what we want to do with our Conferences.

The report of our Conference will appear, perhaps, as soon as this will, and we would say to those who have been expecting it sooner, be patient. Again, to those who took part in the conference and will feel that the secretary did not get your sayings just as you wanted them, be charitable. Put yourselves in his place for a moment, and see if you could have prepared the report any better or any sooner.

As to the character, amount, and success of our work done at the conference, we will allow those who were here, and those who read the report to judge for themselves: There is a beginning, but the beginning is not the end. While speaking of the conference here, we would like to say to our people in Indiana, look carefully after the plan of our mission work in the report of the conference. But do not stop at looking at it, help to carry it out. We can.

We have now entered in upon our pastoral work at Roann. We are not fully inaugurated yet, but will be as we become more acquainted. We preach for them, at present, the first and second Sunday in each month. Roann is ten miles from Manchester. While our conference was here, we had a reunion of Ashland College students and teachers that were in attendance. It was a pleasant meeting, and can only be understood well by those who have had the relation of student and teacher. The students were: L. W. Ditch (preacher), J. L. Kimmel (preacher), J. H. Palmer (preacher), F. O. Switzer (law student), J. C. Weaver (law student), and Eli Myers (farmer). In this number, the classes of '85, '86, and '88, were represented. The teachers were Mrs. Perry and the writer.

When people say that the College has never been of any use to our church, we cannot believe it when we have seen the contrary actually demonstrated in the lives of the young men and women. We shall always cling to the truth that the College has benefited us. It will again, if we can hold it, and will support it. God help us to understand ourselves and each other better on this line that we may *do*.

W. C. PERRY.

Vinco, Pa.

The Lord's work is moving along quietly in this congregation. Your correspondent commenced a meeting at Baker's Furnace on Sept. 8th, and closed Sept. 18th. The immediate results were seven by immersion with the promise of others to come soon.

Our communion was held on the evening of Sept. 23rd, and it was truly a good time for the faithful. Brethren D. Crofford and W. A. Adams, from Johnstown, were with us and rendered delightful and soul-inspiring discourses appropriate to the occasion. Come again brethren.

Our work in this congregation for the last ecclesiastical year has not been what we desired it to be, yet we feel thankful for the small number of additions, and especially for the promising members received. I shall give the number received and the number lost. Received by baptism, 40; relation, 3; reclaimed, 4; lost by death, 3. This has been the work for the year just closed, and I pray God to keep us in the faith, and help us to work hard to swell the number this year.

Since the Convention has adopted a plan for a systematic mission work in Pennsylvania, let me say that I have a call to preach at Latrobe and Armaugh, both places never had the distinctive doctrine of the Brethren Church preached to them. At Armaugh the Presbyterian church house has been offered to us to preach in. Now these places should be looked after. In Latrobe we have a few members and can build up a congregation without a doubt. But I have all that I can do to teach five days in the week and preach two sermons on Sabbath, yet I promised to preach at both places as often as I could this winter. I urge the Board of Mission Work to see that we have these points or places attended to. Get some of our preachers off of the shelf and equip them with means to provide for their families and send them out to gather in the sheaves, and the result will be glorious.

J. W. SMOUSE.

Oct. 6, 1888.

Warsaw, Ind.

According to previous arrangements we met at the Little York Eagle U. B. church Saturday evening Oct. 6th, for the purpose of communing in remembrance of our blessed Master. We had a good meeting. It was beyond contradiction a feast of the goodness of God, it being the first meeting of the kind ever held in that locality by the Brethren. Our number was not large, yet those who were there looked upon the communicants with earnestness, and many were heard to speak after the communion, saying it was according to the scripture. Praise God. We feel stronger in the work. I pray God to bless the little band here.

We must say we were disappointed. We had the promise of A. L. Garber to be with us, but he at the last hour notified us he must decline his arrangements, so we were left alone.

We expect in the near future to begin our protracted meetings and we ask an interest in the prayers of God's children.

J. H. PALMER.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—Dean Stanley.

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